

others in January, and again in October and November, 1905. In January, 1906, he was in a brawl with another worker. They came to blows. Jacob struck the other man, who, in falling, hit the sharp end of a bench. His skull fracture proved fatal and Jacob was arrested for manslaughter. The man with whom he had exchanged blows turned out to have been a member of the local Black Hundreds, and the prosecution changed the charge from manslaughter to a terroristic act. Jacob was sentenced to the gallows but, in consideration of his youth, the death penalty was changed to life imprisonment.

When he finished his story, a voice came from the other side of my closet. "They did not change my sentence. My mother asked them. The general threw her out."

Nobody on the corridor slept that night. Voices boomed, each telling another story. Were the men talking to themselves or was each addressing his invisible neighbor?

In the morning I was taken to the general deportation ward. When I passed the adjoining cell I saw a tall youth with a haggard face and a shaven head at the grille. He said rapidly, "If you see the people at Putilov, give them my greetings. Tell them, from Jacob the welder; they will know."

The deportation ward was a very long, high hall, like a railroad depot. It had long narrow tables with benches in the middle and straw sacks on the floor along all four walls. Two rows of cell buckets flanked the grille. Men in rags, some in civilian clothing, others in prison garb, a few in irons, were milling between the tables and straw sacks. A tall man in fetters approached me. "Political? Come with me. I am the headman here." He led me to a group of men sitting on their sacks on the floor. "One of yours. Make space for him."

Thus I was introduced into the political community of the ward. Most of the prisoners were awaiting deportation to penitentiaries in various parts of Russia. Others were peasants charged with participating in agrarian revolts, prisoners brought to St. Petersburg from provincial jails, and suspicious characters who did not wish to tell who they were.

Next day the warden told me that the Union of Engineers had offered a bond of three thousand rubles for me, and the Council of the Unemployed expected to get me out in a few days. There was also a package from home: a shirt, a towel, a toothbrush, a couple of handkerchiefs, a cake of soap, and some food. I returned from the warden's office to the ward, my hands full and my heart warmed. And I kept this feeling within me while the petition of the Union of Engineers traveled from desk to desk and from office to office. Somebody in the court objected to my release on bail, but his supe-